RARE CHINA, REAL AND FALSE

FORGERIES AND COPIES OF POTTERY AND PORCELAIN.

Many Imitations of Meissen, Improperly Called Dresden Porcelain—The Marks and How to Distinguish Them—Other German and Austrian Porcelains.

IV.

GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN PORCELAINS.

Meissen, or as it is usually but improperly called Dresden porcelain, has been made at Meissen, some twelve miles from Dresden, for 200 years. It was the first hard paste porcelain produced in Europe, and since it has always been celebrated for its beautiful forms and decorations and the fineness of its paste and glaze, it has naturally been imitated, copied and counterfeited by a host of modern potters, not only in Dresden but in Paris and many other places.

In the Johanneum Museum in Dresden may be seen a wonderful collection of porcelain produced at this celebrated factory since 1709. Examples of every style and period are shown in great profusion, and since this department of the museum is in charge of a competent curator it is probable that the collection contains only genuine pieces. There are, however, numerous extensive private collections of Meissen porcelain in Germany and France which are not so fortunate, as the majority of these contain a goodly proportion of forgeries, some of which have been purchased at enormous prices.

A dealer in one of the large cities of Europe described to a collector a large and elaborately modelled centrepiece which was "owned by a well known princess, who on account of reverses was compelled to dispose of it." The collector was informed that as he was an American he would be permitted to see this remarkable treasure, which had not been offered to any one else and which would only be sold under the greatest secrecy. He was then conducted through passages and down flights of stairs to a small room in the basement, where in the furthest corner and in a dim lighta sheeted object could be seen.

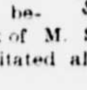
When the covering had been removed he gazed upon a cleverly modelled modern reproduction and a price was named in five figures. While the fate of this piece is not known, it is probable that it has by this time found its way into some private collection in Europe at a considerably reduced price.

The early Meissen porcelain may be distinguished by the presence of "pin points" or "grease spots" in the paste, which may be plainly seen by holding the ware before a strong artificial light. It is the only hard paste porcelain which exhibits this phenomenon, which is a characteristic of the fritted or artificial soft pastes of the early part of the eighteenth century. This Meissen porcelain is of dazzling whiteness and is decorated in the Kakiyemon style, a term which has been borrowed from the name of a Japanese painter who first used small floral and animal motives executed in bright colors, which were scattered sparingly over the surface of plates, vases and other pieces.

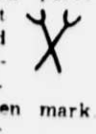
The marks of real Meissen porcelain are always in deep blue beneath the glaze. When they are found over the glaze (on the surface) the pieces are spurious. When the Meissen underglaze mark of two crossed swords, pencilled in blue beneath the glaze, is scratched through the piece may be known to have left the factory in an undecorated condition. When such pieces are decorated the painting has been done elsewhere.

Imperfect pieces of Meissen porcelain are marked at the factory in various ways. The underglaze blue crossed swords mark is cut through the middle with two, three or four parallel scratches, or one or two scratches are cut just above or below the factory mark. These cuts if not plainly visible can be detected by drawing the edge of the thumb nail over the mark. Pieces bearing scratched marks should be avoided.

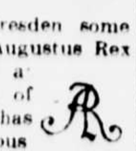
Examples of supposed Meissen porcelain will often be met with bearing the mark of two crossed swords with a bar across the middle and the letter S beneath. These are the work of M. Samson of Paris, who has imitated almost every celebrated ware.

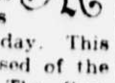


The Meissen crossed swords, with the letter M beneath, has been used by Meyers of Dresden, who procured undecorated Meissen porcelain and had it painted in his establishment. This ware possesses no value in the eyes of collectors.

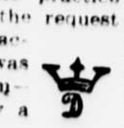


Cheap imitations of Meissen porcelain are made at Rudolstadt and marked with a blue painted or impressed device representing crossed pitchforks, somewhat resembling the Meissen mark. Another mark of this maker is a crown with the word "Dresden" above and "Germany" beneath.

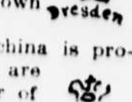




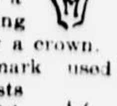
Helene Wolfsohn of Dresden some forty years ago used the Augustus Rex mark, which was employed at Meissen at the founding of the factory in 1709, and has been used there at various times down to the present day. This mark is a monogram composed of the letters A R, as in the cut. The Government put a stop to this practice about thirty years ago on the request of the Meissen manufactory, and a new mark was adopted by the Wolfsohn firm—a cursive D surmounted by a crown.



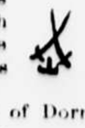
Still another Dresden manufacturer who imitates the old Meissen ware is Wissman, who uses as a distinguishing mark the initial of his name, W., in a shield surmounted by the word Dresden.



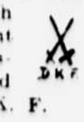
Another imitation of Meissen porcelain is made by Hamaan, whose mark consists of a crown over the name of the city.



Several factories where china is produced in the Meissen style are operated at Coburg. Muller of that place used as a mark a rudely sketched shield enclosing the initial M surmounted by a crown.

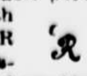


Still another Meissen mark used by Thieme of Dresden consists of the crossed swords with an inverted T beneath. The groups and figures made by this firm are so marked.



The firm of Kock & Fischer of Dornheim also used a mark which inexperienced collectors might readily mistake for the Meissen mark. It consists of crossed swords over the initials D. K. F.

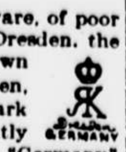
Examples of modern hard paste porcelain are frequently met with which bear a small cursive R in blue, decorated in the Meissen style. The maker has not been identified.



Moritz Fischer of Herend, Hungary, imitated Meissen porcelain to a considerable extent. A pair of candlesticks shown here bear his mark in light blue over the glaze, the shield from the arms of Hungary.

During the King's period (1770-95) genuine Meissen porcelain was marked with crossed swords and a dot beneath. During the Marcolini period (1796-1814) a many pointed star was placed beneath the crossed swords, while since that period the crossed swords have been used alone. These marks were always painted in blue beneath the glaze.

On some of the imitative ware, of poor quality, lately produced in Dresden, the monogram R. K. under a crown and over the words "Dresden, Germany," is found. This mark is over glaze and consequently not dangerous. The word "Germany" is frequently scratched or partly obliterated.



Other marks used on imitation Dresden or Meissen porcelain are crossed straight lines with the letter S between the lower points, crossed swords with well drawn hilts and the letter S between, crossed swords with the letters E, C or D between, crossed flags or keys with the letters R-n between the butts. Pieces of porcelain so marked should be discarded by the collector.

Occasionally pieces of hard paste porcelain bearing the mark of another factory in addition to the Meissen mark will be met with. These of course are transparent frauds.

Genuine Meissen, or as it is called in Europe, Saxe porcelain (Meissen being in Saxony), was never marked with the word "Dresden." A modern ware in imitation of Meissen porcelain is now extensively sold which bears the mark "Dresden," and many purchasers secure this ware in the belief that they are buying real Meissen china. Ware so marked comes from the decorators of Dresden, who procure the porcelain in the white state from various sources and paint it for the trade. The quality of the ware is usually poor and the decorations and gilding are of a commercial character, in consequence of which it is sold at a moderate price.

Some of this quasi-Dresden porcelain, being decorated in the characteristic Meissen style, is good enough for table use as a substitute for the more expensive ware produced at the Meissen factory, but is of no interest to collectors. They should, therefore, discard all pieces bearing the misleading "Dresden" mark.

It may perhaps be well to call attention to a class of genuine ware produced extensively at the Meissen works, which when met with may be confusing to the inexperienced collector. Reference is to those imitations of Capo di Monte porcelain which bear the crossed swords mark in blue under the glaze. Such pieces are not intended to deceive, but are merely a variety of Meissen ware, with colored reliefs, in the Capo di Monte style. The presence of the Meissen mark removes them from the category of frauds, and examples of this sort may be legitimately admitted to collections of Meissen porcelain. The paste of these pieces is the same as that of other Meissen productions, no attempt having been made to imitate the bluish paste and glaze of Capo di Monte porcelain.

R. L. Hobson of the British Museum in his book on "Porcelain, Oriental, Continental and British," has this to say about the redecoration of well known wares:

"In addition to the painters and gilders attached to the various factories there has always been a certain number of private enamellers who obtained the ware, in the white if possible, and painted it in their own ateliers. One class of these chambrelans, to use the French name, has been engaged for many years in covering sparsely painted wares of the old factories with rich decoration in order to enhance their market value. But there were others who decorated the wares of their own time without any intent to deceive.

"Among these was one of the best of the early Vienna painters, W. Bottengruber, who had an establishment at Breslau about 1726 and painted Meissen, Vienna and even Chinese porcelain with warlike scenes in lilac monochrome in a setting of trophies in red, yellow, green and lilac and gilt foliated scroll work in baroque taste. Another chambrelan of the same city was Preussler (fl. 1737), who decorated dishes, plates, bowls, tea cups, &c., in similar style in black, lighted with gold, and in the middle of the century A. C. E. Busch, canon of Hildesheim, was noted for a peculiar decoration effected by etching on the glaze with a diamond point and rubbing a black pigment into the incisions, his favorite designs being copied from the etchings of the Dutch artists."

GOTHA PORCELAIN.

The hard paste porcelain made at Gotha, Germany, in the eighteenth century, has been imitated in recent years, and some of the genuine pieces have been repainted and remarked with the devices of other factories. A cup and saucer bearing the impressed mark of Gotha and an additonal mark of the Vienna factory painted over the glaze probably came from the Gotha works in an undecorated condition and were afterward elaborately painted elsewhere. The overglaze mark of the Vienna factory shows that the decoration was not done there. These pieces are therefore frauds.

The Gotha mark, being stamped in the clay, could not be removed, but the forger evidently believed that this inconsistency would escape the notice of some inexperienced purchaser as afterward proved to be the case.

BERLIN PORCELAIN.

The hard paste porcelain from the Berlin factory has not escaped the attention of the forgers. The genuine Berlin mark represents a sceptre and is always pencilled in blue beneath the glaze. When this mark is above the glaze or when it is merely simulated by a staight line pieces so marked may be known to be forgeries. Much ware of poor quality and indifferent decoration is to be found in the market which is so palpably fraudulent that it need not occupy attention here. The genuine Berlin ware is so well potted and so carefully decorated that it can readily be distinguished from its worthless imitations.

The sceptre mark (in underglaze blue) of the earlier pieces is thinner than that of a later period. In rare instances the uncolored mark was impressed in the paste after 1835, usually in lithoplanes or porcelain transparencies.

Frequently a horizontal black, blue or occasionally green dash or line is found over or under the blue sceptre mark painted on the glaze. This mark was used from 1803 to 18 3 on genuine pieces and indicates that the decoration was done at the factory. When this dash appears in brown or red it shows that the painting was executed between 1821 and 1832. Occasionally another overglaze mark, a vertical line surmounted by a small circle painted in green or blue, occurs on genuine pieces made at the Berlin factory. It is a mark of the decorator. From 1810 to 1821 these overglaze marks were not in use at the factory. Impressed numbers have no reference to the date of manufacture, but are the marks of workmen.

Other overglaze decoration marks are an eagle over the letters K. P. M., used between 1823 and 1832, and a globe surmounted by a Maltese cross, which was employed since 1832, both printed in red or brown.

Until 1837 the sceptre mark was traced with a brush, which accounts for its irregular form. The sceptre with a dot on each side was only used for a few months in the year 1837 and is therefore extremely rare.

Sometimes on genuine Berlin pieces will be found a leaf or rose painted in green or gold over the sceptre mark in order to obliterate it. Pieces so treated are damaged or imperfect. Frequently the mark is removed with hydrofluoric acid and the blemish concealed by a gold leaf or flower. This alteration is found on pieces imitating Capo di Monte and other porcelains. Defective pieces, before they leave the factory, are cut through the mark or over it.

VIENNA PORCELAIN.

When Vienna porcelain bears the underglaze "beehive" or shield mark scratched through or when it is marked with a scratched cross or figure 4 it has not been decorated at the factory but elsewhere, and such pieces must be placed in the category of forgeries, although the ware itself is genuine.

Vienna porcelain is still being marked with the "beehive" design. In genuine pieces the mark is sometimes impressed in the paste. When the mark is painted over the glaze the piece is sure to be spurious. Vast quantities of hard paste porcelain are now being produced at various places, with imitation Vienna marks traced in blue above the glaze. At a recent public sale of the effects of an art connoisseur many ornate vases and other pieces of this character were shown. The collector should remember that the overglaze Vienna mark is invariably fraudulent and pieces bearing it are the baldest counterfeits.

EDWIN ATLEE BARBER.

NOTE. By a transposition of cuts illustrating Dr. Barber's article last Sunday the genuine Oriental hard paste porcelain plate was made to appear as the modern French copy. The lower cut showing the plate with the bluish glaze should have been above, and the upper, the imitation showing the creamy white glaze, should have been placed below.

DANCED WITH THE IGORROTES.

Man of Science Took That Way of Acquiring Information.

"During the interval between the St. Louis exposition and the Lewis and Clark exposition in Portland, Ore., a Filipino tribe, the Igorrotes, who had been brought to America to exhibit the native life, spent a portion of the time in the city where I live," says a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

"They were on exhibition, illustrating among other activities their dances.

"Now it chanced that an acquaintance of mine who is an enthusiastic student of primitive music was making a study of the music to which these Igorrotes danced and trying to transcribe it. This he found extremely difficult to do.

"But one day he confided to me the startling information that being satisfied that success awaited him if only he himself could join in the dancing and the singing he had arranged with the interpreter for a private session at which he could actually participate.

"It was a spectacle not to be missed, and he finally consented to take me along as a valet extraordinary. The dance in question was of a most primitive type, in which the savages form almost a complete circle and with hands resting on one another's shoulders dance to the right, stamping strongly with the advanced foot and dragging the other and chanting a monotonous refrain to the time of the resounding feet.

"To try to qualify in such an exercise was certainly a test of nerve, but nothing daunted the musician watched his chance and leaping forth clutched the shoulders of the last man in the dance and started on his novel voyage. It was a glorious tribute to the enthusiasm and self-abasement of science, and it is safe to say a spectacle quite without parallel even in the triumphant records of that great branch of human learning, to see this goodly man clad in frock coat and Windsor tie, with flowing locks, carried along by these dancing savages—whose sunburned bodies were restrained only by the earliest post-Eden garb—and frisked hither and yon like the tail of a capricious comet or of a cavorting kite.

"But assuredly his reward awaited him, for presently the interpreter, who was watching the effect with interest, turned to me and said: 'They like him, for they have put him into the chant and are now singing "Man with long hair, Igorrote's friend."' And a moment later he remarked, 'Now they sing, "Man with the long hair dance very well."'

"At first the adventurer had attempted only the step, but as his confidence increased, he essayed the chant as well. This brought out the commendation, "Man with the long hair sing very well." And then the three verses were united into a little chorus, which was used throughout the rest of the dance:

Man with the long hair, Igorrote's friend;
Man with the long hair dance very well;
Man with the long hair sing very well.

"Not a very intellectual poem, to be sure, but nevertheless a long remove from the simple interjection and able to hold its own with the chorus of many a chapel hymn that I have heard. Not even the interpreter could tell who suggested the verses, nor doubtless could the men themselves have done so."

The Spanish Cowboy.

From the Washington Post.

"We boast a good deal about our Western cowboys and the wonderful feats on a horse and in rounding up the cattle," remarked Arthur S. Penniman of New Mexico, "but I was in Spain during the past winter and saw some cowboys over there that could give our Western lads something to think about and to copy.

"They have about a dozen different names for cowboys in Spain, but those down in the Andalusia region are generally called ganaderos. That section is given to cattle and sheep raising, and no matter how small the ranch or farm, there are always plenty of cowboys. The ganaderos are usually tall, thin, wiry chaps, who love their calling, and they ride remarkably well, the only pity being that they have poor horses. Any one who knows horses will understand me when I say that the ganadero rides high, on a large saddle with a long stirrup and straight leg, using a single rein and heavy curb.

"This bit looks rather cruel, but the ganadero is careful and never punishes his steed with the curb. He is not so merciful with his spurs, for he cuts deep when riding, and the animals show the punctures. These Spanish cowboys carry a long lance called a 'garrocha.' They know how to use it in rounding up the cattle. They make even the most unruly bull come to terms, and they fear the sight of that lance, which has been in use for generations."

SEEN IN THE WORLD OF ART

LITHOGRAPHS AND CARICATURES OF HONORE DAUMIER.

A Great French Art'st of the Last Century—Portraits of Men of His Day Which Are Valuable Documents—Daumier's Work Essentially Original.

Last Sunday we left Honoré Daumier in the prison of Ste. Pelagie, Paris. Henri Frantz gives February, 1833, as the date when the artist was released, and after his year's confinement his biographer believes that he was intellectually matured and still better prepared for the great campaign of political satire into which he once more flung himself with ardor beside Grandville and Traviès. Between 1833 and 1835 Daumier produced several of his most important works, great both in their perfection of lithographic craftsmanship and in the grandeur of their emotion and inspiration. The portraitist who had been evident in the "Masques" now gave his genius free rein in a series of portraits of the Ministers and great personages of his day, which for us are both valuable documents and also lithographs whose admirable treatment of light and shade fills us with wonder. Not finished to the point of lithographs by Charlet and Deveria, those of Daumier are drawn with almost brutal power, regardless of minute detail, like a fresco by some Michelangelo of caricature. And this kinship between the master's portrait lithographs and sculpture is not mere chance; we know in fact that in preparing for his line work Daumier would begin by modelling from memory a portrait of his subject in the round, and the lithograph was but the complement of this preliminary sketch in more faithfully. These portraits were never executed from life but invariably from memory. It must be observed that this memory was marvellous in extent and accuracy, as Charles Baudelaire records in his "Curiosités Esthétiques," where indeed he alludes frequently to the genius who was so familiar to him and so dear.

"Daumier's distinguishing note as an artist," he writes, "is his certainty. His drawing is fluent and easy; it is a continuous improvisation. He has a wonderful, almost superhuman memory, from which he works as from a model. His powers of observation are such that in his work we never find a single head that is out of character with the figure beneath it." We cannot do better than quote Baudelaire's pronouncement upon this portrait series: "The artist manifests here a marvellous cunning in portraiture; while caricaturing and exaggerating the failures of his originals he yet adheres so faithfully to nature that these productions might serve as models to all portraitists. Here in these animalized faces may be seen and clearly read all the meannesses of soul, all the absurdities, all the aberrations of intelligence, all the vices of the heart; yet at the same time all is broadly drawn and accentuated. Daumier combined the suppleness of the artist with the exactness of a Lavater. It remains to be noted that the works of this period differ considerably from those of the present day. The former are occasionally, though not often, a trifle heavy, but always highly finished, very conscientious, very severe."

What are these portraits? The series begins with M. Thiers and M. de Podenas, the latter caught in the act of walking, his whole person exhaling an air of beatific satisfaction; then came M. Fulchiron de Lyon, with his bigot's head; M. Viennet, with a broad red ribbon in his buttonhole; M. Arlé, Sr., with a large handkerchief in his hand; M. Etienne, with his imposing velvet waistcoat; the Dantesque hideousness of M. Delessert, M. d'Argout, M. Cunin Gridaine, a fat wealthy bourgeois; M. Royer Collard, with his loosely hanging coat and his candid expression; M. Baillot, a true Joseph Prudhomme, and De Kératry, with the obsequious bearing of a courtier. "As beautiful as a Holbein," said Loys-Delkil of the portrait of Barbi-Marbois, a judge whose political act did not please the lithographer.

Among the earliest of the famous lithographs, in which the art of the lithographer and the passionate ardor of the caricaturist go hand in hand, the "Cortège du Prince Lancelot de Triancule" claims first attention. It represents Marshal Lobau, celebrated for having dispersed a mob by means of fire engines, in the guise of Prince Lancelot, accompanied by ushers dressed like apothecaries and carrying various objects of household use. "You Wanted to Meddle with the Press, Did You?" shows us a journeyman printer with smiling face flattening beneath the press he is working a whiskered personage who is no other than Louis Philippe himself, his legendary umbrella lying at the foot of the machine. "Primo Saignare" is an important composition comprising four figures. On the left stands Louis Philippe clad in a long cloak; a hat decorated with a cockade half hides his face; he is engaged in making an incision in the arm of a seated figure who has a bandaged head. On the right Duke Ferdinand of Orléans stands holding a potion, while Marshal Lobau kneels on one knee armed with a highly unromantic instrument. "Gros Cupide, va!" is another virulent attack on Louis Philippe. The actor Lepeintre in the rôle of *Tragala* in a play named "Vingt Ans plus Tard" resembled Louis Philippe in face and bearing. At least so he is represented by Daumier here, clad in the uniform of a gendarme officer—of a chief of alguazils, as the inscription says—clapping his stomach with an air of knowing satisfaction.

"France at Rest": here, bestially slumbering on the throne, with his head fallen on his chest, Louis Philippe (the system) is holding a cudgel instead of a sceptre, while behind him are seen the Republic with bound hands and the Gallic cock plucked of its feathers. Guns without their carriages are at his feet. In "Lower the Curtain, the Farce is Over," we have Louis Phillipe again; this time as a clown facing the spectator, and saluting the public before lowering the curtain upon a parliamentary sitting. Under the title "Rewards for Obedient Electors" we see the King standing beside a cask filled with orders and decorations and affixing the cross to three personages who represent the obedient electors. At the back the independents are standing about the door of the election room, seemingly indisposed to share in the distribution of favors. In another plate, "Journey Among an Enthusiastic Population," Louis Philippe, mounted on a lean horse, is crossing a desert plain strewn with corpses, while in the sky hover flocks of carrion crows. Disguised as a miller in the "Moulin du Télégraphe" Louis Philippe shows himself at a little upper window, while at the door various personages, Thiers, Soult and Persil, are either receiving money or else going off carrying heavy bags of coin.. Several productions of this period rise to a tragic grandeur well calculated to move us now, even after the lapse of so many years. For instance, "That One May Be Set Free, He Is No Longer Dangerous," the bitter sadness of which Goya would not deny. We are amid the cold surroundings of a prison; the poor wretch who has ceased to be dangerous lies neglected on a pallet in an attitude of suffering; his face is pale, his beard is neglected; his forehead, doubtless pierced by a bullet, is swathed in a bandage. Beside him stand two men. The nearer, Louis Philippe, holds the dying man's hand, and seeing how incapable of further offence the poor fellow has become gives the order for his release to the Judge, who listens with the prim and submissive air of a courtier. Of course we know that Daumier exaggerated. Louis Philippe was not a wicked but a lamentably weak monarch.

Those who wish to study these caricatures, which words fail to describe, should possess the monograph of Henri Frantz, fully illustrated. The author speaks of Henri Monnier, older by some years than Daumier and to a certain extent his forerunner as a depicter of contemporary manners. Was it not he indeed who first represented in his clever drawings the bourgeois, upon whom in his turn Daumier was now to seize? But while Monnier drew the bourgeois hardly caricatured, only occasionally overstated, Daumier with his sublime exaggeration elevated his scenes of middle class life into a sort of epic. Monnier, in his concise, laborious, harmoniously finished compositions, in which decorative arrangement is never disregarded, is more nearly akin to the Flemish artists, who were also successful in hitting off the bourgeoisie of their day. Daumier, on the contrary, cared little about decorative arrangement; a thousand times greater than Monnier and his other contemporaries, he draws from them all his best effects, from their gestures faithfully noted by the power of memory already brought to bear upon his poetic portraits, from their muscular and skeletal structure, the huge absurdity of which strikes him. It is by this Balzaclike grandiloquence that he rises so far above Gavarni, who was doubtless more charming, more graceful. Gavarni besides was wittier; he had the knack of devising telling inscriptions for his pictures, a task which Daumier generally left to Philipon. But Gavarni had not that sense of real life which astounds us in Daumier's work any more than he had the power of drawing, of forceful modelling which characterizes Daumier's slightest sketch. In a word if Daumier is the Michelangelo of caricature Gavarni is its Raphael. All three, Monnier, Gavarni and Daumier, with all their differences of talent and temperament, are thorough artists and each created an immortal type. To Monnier we owe M. Prudhomme; to Gavarni, Thomas Vireloque; to Daumier, Robert Macaire.

When the revolution of 1848 took place Daumier devoted himself anew to political caricature, witness his "Représentants représentés." This series, however, is not among the artist's best work. Although—it could not be otherwise—bearing the powerful impress of his genius, these lithographs are occasionally somewhat lax in form, a little too summary and falling short in the wonderful power of design that we admire in the masterpieces of the great period. The fact is that Daumier, having perhaps lost the impulsive ardor of five and twenty, was now feeling himself each day more and more possessed by another passion which dominated his life, the love of painting. The caricaturist had long worshipped that muse; he dedicated himself entirely to her service when, about 1860, he left *Le Charivari*.

Honoré Daumier the painter has long since had to yield precedent to Daumier the lithographer. Yet he was among the greatest. Daumier's painting is essentially original. As a colorist his style is somewhat akin to that of Eugene Carrière, that is to say he does not use a great variety of tints but specializes in grays, browns and blacks in infinite modulations, with an occasional warm touch of brilliant color. At the same time his color is laid on richly and thickly, firmly manipulated by the sure touch of genius. All this at first was but little understood at a time when Daumier's pictures, which now fetch very high prices, were sold for next to nothing. The exhibition organized in 1878 at the Gallery Durand-Ruel was necessary in order that the painter should be appreciated at his full worth. At first in his Indian ink sketches in wash and in his water colors the painter seems to march abreast of the lithographer. He sees life under the broadest daylight; he emphasizes the ludicrous side, the grotesque, though often with much delicacy; amid a generation of romanticists he is a pioneer of naturalism, an artist who puts truth above everything. Among the water colors of this series those devoted to the "Gens du Palais" are the most celebrated, but those fine bits of painting in which he depicts scenes from the street, the workshop, the factory, equally merit admiration.

It seems as though Daumier, always a pioneer, was the first to perceive the poetry and beauty of mountebanks, street hawkers, gypsies of "Le tribu prophétique aux prunelles ardentes," as Baudelaire finely sings. Certain of his jugglers, of his wrestlers, of his tumblers, with their powerful anatomy and salient muscles, are as fine as Michelangelo's prophets. But if Daumier's observation is scrupulous and exact it is not remorseless. No one has better understood the heartbroken melancholy with which the existence of these pitiable wanderers is fraught. For instance, these mournful "Fugitifs" who travel toward the unknown in a procession lashed by the wind, fantastic silhouettes of riders that stand out against the fiery radiance of the setting sun, or again that "Parade of the Mountebanks," a subject treated more than once; those "Wandering Musicians" from the Bureau collection, which is especially rich in the master's painting and water colors, or the "Clowns." That Daumier was an admirable painter of the human countenance and its varying expression is proved by the masterly canvas representing the interior of a railway carriage. The theatre and the studio have also furnished him with subject matter for many interesting scenes. He endows with lifelike and realistic expression the countenance of the amateur of drawings and engravings, the self-sufficient, pretentious or wily purchaser and the artist surprised at work in his studio.

In all these works both the lithographer and the painter adhere to the same subjects, to the faithful representation of life. But we may well be astounded at the universality of the artist when we find him, as we do on more than one occasion, treating legendary and historical themes and giving proof of an imagination that could soar to the heights of the ideal. Daumier, the painter of history, religion, mythology; Daumier, the inspired poet; Daumier, the interpreter of mystical dreams—here is indeed food for wonder for those who are unfamiliar with the scope of his compositions. We are indebted to Daumier's brush for that fine sacred piece "Le Bon Samaritan," and for the admirable "Christ Mocked." This is a large sketch, one of the largest of Daumier's pictures, with Christ's pale countenance rising above the contorted faces of the howling and gesticulating tormentors. Daumier often sought inspiration from the poets. La Fontaine supplied him with the subjects of "The Miller, His Son and the Ass" and "The Thieves and the Ass"; Molière with a "Malade Imaginaire." But above all he loved Cervantes, and "Don Quixote" inspired several notable pictures. Among them let us dwell for a moment on one in which the Knight of the Rueful Countenance mounted on his Rosinante, lance in rest, throws upon the sky the silhouette of his long profile; and another in which he charges some windmills at the gallop, the astonished Sancho looking on with folded arms. At the Metropolitan Museum there is a small painting by Daumier in which are the figures of the Knight and his Squire. It is remarkable for sentiment and succinct treatment.

From 1850 to 1866 was the most active period of the painter's career. As he could not make a living at painting he was forced to return to the staff of *Le Charivari* as caricaturist. Then came the war of 1870. Daumier's pencil was unwearying, though the bloody excesses of the Commune somewhat tamed this lifelong radical. Had it not been for the solicitous care of his friends Daumier's last years might have been passed in complete destitution. He lived in a cottage given him by Corot in the little village of Valmondois, where he spent some years, if not in luxury at least in moderate comfort, saddened only by the increasing weakness of his eyes. M. Arsène Alexandre in his book has well described Daumier's life at Valmondois: "He loved his little cottage. There were passed the only hours of his life in which he was permitted to escape the tyranny of his calling, to hug closely his fair dreams of art. Close by or in villages near at hand lived his old companions, Dupré, Daubigny, Dechamme, Boulard, the sculptor Pascal, and others. From time to time the good Corot joined this circle, welding it into closer union by his charming serenity, and communications were interchanged at greater distance with Millet and with Theodore Rousseau. Unfortunately Daumier, who was less and less able to draw, became completely blind. His last piece of happiness was the exhibition of his collected works organized by Durand-Ruel in 1878, where all artistic and intellectual Paris rendered striking homage to the genius of a rare artist. Honoré Daumier died at Valmondois February 1, 1879.

EDUCATIONAL CHECKERBOARD

On Which Teachers May Be Moved From One Square to Another.

Foreign academic interchange is a fancy of the hour. Exchange of American university professors with France, Germany, and some of the Scandinavian countries already exists; similar exchange with England, Mexico, the South American republic and Japan is being planned, and no doubt there will be exchange relations with China, Australia, and the ends of the earth.

Secondary school teachers have for a number of years been, and now are, very successfully exchanged with Prussia, the Rhodes scholarships constantly maintain 190 foreign students at Oxford; the Alliance Française is incessantly acting as intermediary between French and American institutions of learning; exchange of students between this and various other countries is being energetically advocated and the latest development is the exchange of fellows—some indeed, of the feminine persuasion.

The University of Wisconsin baseball team went to Japan to play a series of university games in Tokio, and now a nine of Japanese students is here for a return series with the University of Chicago, on the latter's grounds, and with Princeton. In Switzerland families even exchange their children for periods to enable them to learn the foreign language.

"I propose," says a writer in the *Educational Review*, another phase of this idea, the free exchange and migration within our own country, of teachers of all ranks. This idea is not altogether new. The several summer schools at our universities, notably the summer quarter at the University of Chicago, give pretty wide scope to the operation of what I have in mind.

"A fairly large number of the faculty are, while not by exchange, yet by appointment, visiting members of other college faculties—indeed at Chicago the Summer Quarter has come to be a sort of trying out of prospectively new members of the regular Chicago faculty.

"A still closer approximation existed in those palmy days of the University of Chicago, when that lusty young giant, a true and veritable educational trust, was absorbing, and surrounding itself with affiliated schools and cooperating colleges throughout the Mississippi Valley and beyond.

"In those days a regular member of the Chicago University faculty would replace his winter quarters' teaching at Chicago by instructing at John B. Stetson University at De Land, Fla. The professor's service and salary went on unmolested without change or interruption. He simply temporarily transferred his field of operation from Chicago to Florida. In return some members of the Stetson faculty spent the quarter at the University of Chicago.

"A more recent case is that of Prof. Grant Showerman of the University of Wisconsin, who spent a year in academic residence at Princeton, to the mutual delight and advantage of both the contracting parties. And a still more recent experiment is Harvard's plan of professional exchange with four of the smaller Western colleges.

"Would the teachers take kindly to the idea, would they respond and accept exchange positions remote from home? The most emphatic answer to this question is the fact that when the Prussian exchange opportunity was offered far more American teachers responded than did schools and with the exception of a single year this preponderance of teachers has been maintained, in spite of the fact that the American exchange teacher is obliged to sacrifice his salary, must meet all his own expenses, receiving from the Prussian Government only a sum considered sufficient to pay the cost of modest living expenses, while his Prussian colleague receives from his government leave of absence with pay and the expense of travel, and from the American school to which he is accredited, a sum for board, usually $50 a month."

Dying by Organs.

From Leslie's Weekly.

It has been discovered that if a human being dies after an ordinary illness and not a violent death he does not die all over and all at once. He may have a diseased liver, heart or lung, and this may be the cause of his death; but it has been found that if the diseased organ could have been replaced by a healthy one life might have been maintained indefinitely. This is no imagination or speculation. It has been confirmed by the most careful experiments by the ablest medical scientists in the country.

WRITER OF 59 NOVELS.

At the Age of 79 Amelia Barr Still Turns Out Two a Year.

Amelia E. Barr is 79, has written fifty-nine novels and is still turning them out. She has had fifteen children. Perhaps the best known of her books, "The Bow of Orange Ribbon," was written when she was 55, had lost her husband and many of her children and when, according to *Human Life*, she was engaged in a hard fight to supply the rest of the family "with bread and boots."

She began as a newspaper woman and for several years she wrote nothing but potboilers, stories, poems or brief articles, according to the demands of her various editors.

Now she is credited with receiving the largest income of any American authoress. Despite her age two books a year still come from her pen besides numerous special articles for English and American publications.

Just now she is living at her home, Cherry Croft, at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, where, it will be remembered, she the other day had a severe fall which, however, in spite of her age did not have any very serious consequences.

Amelia Barr, "she that was Amelia Huddleston," as they say in New England, was born in Lancastershire. She received the typical feminine education of those days; she was taught to play and sing sentimental ballads, to paint landcapes and to make curtseys and her father's shirts. She read a good bit out of school, especially revelling in those banquets for the imagination, the Old Testament and the Arabian Nights.

When she was only 18 she made a visit to Edinburgh and fell in love with a young Scotch minister, Robert Barr. Within the year they married and came out to America. "If we had not gone," the lady confessed to the interviewer, "we should have been obliged to live with his relatives. And I didn't believe in that then, and I don't now."

Nevertheless coming over here in the middle of the last century was quite as daring a feat for an English country girl as a trip to Zululand would be at present. As a matter of fact the young couple did go directly to the frontier, for Galveston, Tex., where Mr. Barr took up a farm, was the never never country in those days. Indians prowled around the homestead of the immigrants; the pioneer Sam Houston became their closest friend.

There wasn't ever too much money, particularly during the difficult war times. But there was always plenty of romance, and to-day the woman of seventy-nine confesses that she has never succeeded in writing a love story as interesting as her own.

Only the last chapter came tragically soon. In 1867 yellow fever appeared in Texas. Most of the white settlers fled before it, but the negroes and Indians had to stay and Mr. Barr and his family stayed to help them. He could give them medicine when they distrusted all other doctors. But he and all his children contracted the fever. When the pestilence passed Mrs. Barr was a widow, with only three daughters left out of all her family. She was also practically penniless.

She could not support herself and her babies in Texas. So she made another journey, this time to New York. There she began to work for Robert Bonner, editor of the New York *Ledger*. There began too all the usual struggles of the unevenly paid space writer. She remembers that she thought herself lucky in those days when a ten dollar bill made up her bank account.

Once the little apartment where she lived with her children was broken into by burglars and all the family silver she had brought from her Southern home was stolen. But the small sum of money she had in the house was untouched. She always kept her bank notes folded within her Bible, and New York burglars do not load themselves up with Bibles!

For fifteen years she devoted herself to literary hack work and her children, reading voraciously during what spare time she had. She took an alcove in the Astor Library and discovered a penchant for history, which was to serve her a good turn later. Finally when she was 55 and her little girls had become women, she wrote her first novel, "Jan Vedder's Wife," during a period of confinement in her room with a broken ankle. "The Bow of Orange Ribbon" followed within the year, and her success as a writer of sentimental historical novels was assured.

"In spite of past troubles Mrs. Barr's is a happy face. There are wrinkles in it, to be sure, around the corners of eyes and mouth, but they're the wrinkles that come from smiling. Her eyes are blue and unfaded, with piquantly arched brows. Her hair, soft and white, curls frivolously under a bit of lace.

"She walks up and down stairs like a girl," says the interviewer, writing before Mrs. Barr's accident, "and herself acts as cicerone to the guests, whom she loves to welcome at her beautiful home in Cornwall. At the end of a winding two miles of uphill country road it stands just opposite the mountain Storm King. Many gabled, wide piazzaed and surrounded with a glorious old fashioned unlandscaped garden it has a look of the English dower house, even as its mistress still keeps a twist of fine English distinctness in her speech.

"Upstairs in the tower opposite Storm King is her study, a nice bare little place with lots of windows and books and blotters and paper and ink. Not a typewriter, though she used to make one click merrily. Now she has gone back to a blunt pencil and a yellow pad, and the first draft of her manuscript is always clean enough for her publishers, as she scarcely changes a word after she has written it.

"Write? Of course she writes some four or six hours every morning. Sometimes she begins as early as 6 o'clock after a breakfast of a roll and a cup of coffee. After lunch she keeps the Southern siesta for a couple of hours. Then in the latter part of the afternoon she reads up for her next novel. She always has at least two on hand, one which she is writing, another for which she is gathering material. In the twilight she enjoys her music and after that comes dinner, which guests usually share with herself and the one daughter still living with her.

"If she's a bit unmodern in her dislike for what she calls 'cap and bells manners,' she is thoroughly up to date on one question, her belief in woman's suffrage. 'Women are out in the world, fighting the world's battles, and I think they should have all the weapons there are,' she told me. 'There is no qeustion in my mind that they will soon win the ballot,' she added, 'for they have already won the power to ask for it everywhere.'"

Healthy and Homologous.

From the National Magazine.

Probably no town in the United States can show a cleaner bill of health than Morehead City, N. C. In a population of about 3,000 there is not a family having a crippled child or one who is idiotic or insane.

There is, too, a very homologous population. There is neither an Irishman, a German, an Italian nor a Jew in town, although there is no ban on any race or creed. The white population outnumbers the blacks four to one, the latter having their residential section and their own churches and schools.

Morehead City is also remarkable for its simplicity in its religious doctrine. There is neither Catholic, Episcopalian, Presbyterian nor Unitarian, although there are eight churches and several denominations.